

467 Awake, My Heart, with Gladness



1 A - wake, my heart, with glad - ness, See what to - day is done;
2 The foe in tri - umph shout - ed When Christ lay in the tomb;
3 This is a sight that glad - dens—What peace it doth im - part!
4 Now hell, its prince, the dev - il, Of all their pow'r are shorn;



Now, af - ter gloom and sad - ness, Comes forth the glo - rious sun.
But lo, he now is rout - ed, His boast is turned to gloom.
Now noth - ing ev - er sad - dens The joy with - in my heart.
Now I am safe from e - vil, And sin I laugh to scorn.



My Sav - ior there was laid Where our bed must be made
For Christ a - gain is free; In glo - rious vic - to - ry
No gloom shall ev - er shake, No foe shall ev - er take
Grim death with all its might Can - not my soul af - fright;



When to the realms of light Our spir - it wings its flight.
He who is strong to save Has tri - umphed o'er the grave.
The hope which God's own Son In love for me has won.
It is a pow'r - less form, How - e'er it rave and storm.

- 5 The world against me rages,
Its fury I disdain;
Though bitter war it wages,
Its work is all in vain.
My heart from care is free,
No trouble troubles me.
Misfortune now is play,
And night is bright as day.
- 6 Now I will cling forever
To Christ, my Savior true;
My Lord will leave me never,
Whate'er He passes through.
He rends death's iron chain;
He breaks through sin and pain;
He shatters hell's grim thrall;
I follow Him through all.
- 7 He brings me to the portal
That leads to bliss untold,
Whereon this rhyme immortal
Is found in script of gold:
"Who there My cross has shared
Finds here a crown prepared;
Who there with Me has died
Shall here be glorified."

671 Sing with All the Saints in Glory

1 Sing with all the saints in glo - ry, Sing the res - ur -
2 Oh, what glo - ry, far ex - ceed - ing All that eye has
3 Life e - ter - nal! Heav'n re - joic - es: Je - sus lives who

rec - tion song! Death and sor - row, earth's dark sto - ry,
yet per - ceived! Ho - liest hearts for a - ges plead - ing
once was dead. Shout with joy, O death - less voic - es!

To the for - mer days be - long. All a - round the
Nev - er that full joy con - ceived. God has prom - ised,
Child of God, lift up your head! Life e - ter - nal!

clouds are break - ing; Soon the storms of time shall
Christ pre - pares it; There on high our wel - come
Oh, what won - ders Crowd on faith; what joy un -

cease; In God's like - ness we a - wak - en,
waits. Ev - 'ry hum - ble spir - it shares it,
known, When, a - mid earth's clos - ing thun - ders,

Know - ing ev - er - last - ing peace.
Christ has passed the e - ter - nal gates.
Saints shall stand be - fore the throne!

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482 This Joyful Eastertide



1 This joy - ful Eas - ter - tide A - way with sin and
2 Death's flood has lost its chill Since Je - sus crossed the
3 My flesh in hope shall rest And for a sea - son

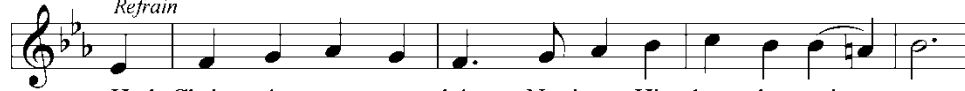


sor - row! My love, the Cru - ci - fied,
riv - er; Lov - er of souls, from ill
slum - ber Till trump from east to west



Has sprung to life this mor - row:
My pass - ing soul de - liv - er:
Shall wake the dead in num - ber:

Refrain



Had Christ, who once was slain, Not burst His three-day pris - on,



Our faith had been in vain: But now has Christ a - ris - en, a -



ris - en, a - ris - en; But now has Christ a - ris - en!

476 Who Are You Who Walk in Sorrow



1 Who are you who walk in sor - row Down Em - ma - us'
 2 Who is this who joins our jour - ney, Walk - ing with us
 3 Who are You? Our hearts are o - pened In the break - ing
 4 Who are we who trav - el with You On our way through
 5 "Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!" Is the Eas - ter



bar - ren road, Hearts dis - traught and hope de - feat - ed,
 stride by stride? Un - known Strang - er, can You fath - om
 of the bread— Christ the vic - tim, now the vic - tor
 life to death? Wom - en, men, the young, the ag - ing,
 hymn we sing! Take our life, our joy, our wor - ship



Bent be - neath grief's crush - ing load? Name - less mourn - ers,
 Depths of grief for one who died? Then the won - der!
 Liv - ing, ris - en from the dead! Great com - pan - ion
 Wak - ened by the Spir - it's breath! At the font You
 As the gift of love we bring. You have formed us



we will join you, We who al - so mourn our dead;
 When we told You How our dreams to dust have turned,
 on our jour - ney, Still sur - prise us with Your grace!
 claim and name us, Born of wa - ter and the Word;
 all one peo - ple Called from ev - 'ry land and race.



We have stood by graves un - yield - ing,
 Then You o - pened wide the Scrip - tures
 Make each day a new Em - ma - us;
 At the ta - ble still You feed us,
 Make the Church Your ser - vant bod - y,



Eat - en death's bare, bit - ter bread.
 Till our hearts with - in us burned.
 On our hearts Your im - age trace!
 Host us as our ris - en Lord!
 Sent to share Your heal - ing grace!

466 Christ Has Arisen, Alleluia



1 Christ has a - ris - en, al - le - lu - ia.
 2 For three long days the grave did its worst
 3 The an - gel said to them, "Do not fear!
 4 "Go spread the news: He's not in the grave;
 5 Christ has a - ris - en; He sets us free;



Re - joice and praise Him, al - le - lu - ia.
 Un - til its strength by God was dis - persed.
 You look for Je - sus who is not here.
 He has a - ris - en this world to save.
 Al - le - lu - ia, to Him prais - es be.



For our Re - deem - er burst from the tomb,
 He who gives life did death un - der - go;
 See for your - selves the tomb is all bare;
 Je - sus' re - deem - ing la - bors are done;
 Je - sus is liv - ing! Let us all sing;



E - ven from death, dis - pel - ling its gloom.
 And in its con - quest His might did show.
 On - ly the grave cloths are ly - ing there."
 E - ven the bat - tle with sin is won."
 He reigns tri - um - phant, heav - en - ly King.

Refrain



Let us sing praise to Him with end - less joy;



Death's fear - ful sting He has come to de - stroy.



Our sin for - giv - ing, al - le - lu - ia!



Je - sus is liv - ing, al - le - lu - ia!

837 Lift High the Cross

Refrain



Lift high the cross, the love of Christ pro-claim Till



all the world a - dore His sa - cred name.



1 Come, Chris - tians, fol - low where our Cap - tain trod,
2 Led on their way by this tri - um - phant sign,
3 All new - born sol - diers of the Cru - ci - fied
4 O Lord, once lift - ed on the glo - rious tree,



Our king vic - to - rious, Christ, the Son of God.
The hosts of God in con - qu'ring ranks com - bine.
Bear on their brows the seal of Him who died.
As Thou hast prom - ised, draw us all to Thee.

Refrain

5 Let ev'ry race and ev'ry language tell
Of Him who saves our lives from death and hell. Refrain

6 So shall our song of triumph ever be:
Praise to the Crucified for victory! Refrain

633 At the Lamb's High Feast We Sing



1 At the Lamb's high feast we sing Praise to
 2 Praise we Him, whose love di - vine Gives His
 3 Where the pas - chal blood is poured, Death's dread
 4 Praise we Christ, whose blood was shed, Pas - chal



our vic - to - rious King, Who has washed us in the tide
 sa - cred blood for wine, Gives His bod - y for the feast—
 an - gel sheathes the sword; Is - rael's hosts tri - um-phant go
 vic - tim, pas - chal bread; With sin - cer - i - ty and love



Flow - ing from His pierc - ed side. Al - le - lu - ia!
 Christ the vic - tim, Christ the priest. Al - le - lu - ia!
 Through the wave that drowns the foe. Al - le - lu - ia!
 Eat we man - na from a - bove. Al - le - lu - ia!

5 Mighty Victim from the sky,
 Hell's fierce pow'rs beneath You lie;
 You have conquered in the fight,
 You have brought us life and light.
 Alleluia!

6 Now no more can death appall,
 Now no more the grave enthrall;
 You have opened paradise,
 And Your saints in You shall rise.
 Alleluia!

7 Easter triumph, Easter joy!
 This alone can sin destroy;
 From sin's pow'r, Lord, set us free,
 Newborn souls in You to be.
 Alleluia!

△ 8 Father, who the crown shall give,
 Savior, by whose death we live,
 Spirit, guide through all our days:
 Three in One, Your name we praise.
 Alleluia!

477 Alleluia, Alleluia! Hearts to Heaven



1 Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia! Hearts to heav'n and voic - es raise:

2 Al - le - lu - ia, Christ is ris - en! Death at last has met de - feat:

△ 3 Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia! Glo - ry be to God on high:



Sing to God a hymn of glad-ness, Sing to God a hymn of praise;
See the an-cient pow'rs of e - vil In con - fu - sion and re - treat;
Al - le - lu - ia to the Sav - ior Who has gained the vic - to - ry;



He who on the cross a vic - tim For the world's sal - va - tion bled—
Once He died, and once was bur - ied: Now He lives for - ev - er - more,
Al - le - lu - ia to the Spir - it, Fount of love and sanc - ti - ty!



Je - sus Christ, the King of Glo - ry, Now is ris - en from the dead.
Je - sus Christ, the world's Re - deem - er, Whom we wor - ship and a - dore.
Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia To the tri - une Maj - es - ty!

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458 Christ Jesus Lay in Death's Strong Bands



1 Christ Je - sus lay in death's strong bands For our of - fens -
 2 No son of man could con - quer death, Such ru - in sin
 3 Christ Je - sus, God's own Son, came down, His peo - ple to
 4 It was a strange and dread - ful strife When life and death



es giv - en; But now at God's right hand He stands
 had wrought us. No in - no - cence was found on earth,
 de - liv - er; De - stroy - ing sin, He took the crown
 con - tend - ed; The vic - to - ry re - mained with life,



And brings us life from heav - en. There - fore let us
 And there - fore death had brought us In - to bond - age
 From death's pale brow for - ev - er: Stripped of pow'r, no
 The reign of death was end - ed. Ho - ly Scrip - ture



joy - ful be And sing to God right thank - ful - ly
 from of old And ev - er grew more strong and bold
 more it reigns; An emp - ty form a - lone re - mains;
 plain - ly saith That death is swal - lowed up by death,



Loud songs of al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!
 And held us as its cap - tive. Al - le - lu - ia!
 Its sting is lost for - ev - er. Al - le - lu - ia!
 Its sting is lost for - ev - er. Al - le - lu - ia!

5 Here our true Paschal Lamb we see,
 Whom God so freely gave us;
 He died on the accursèd tree—
 So strong His love—to save us.
 See, His blood now marks our door;
 Faith points to it; death passes o'er,
 And Satan cannot harm us.
 Alleluia!

6 So let us keep the festival
 To which the Lord invites us;
 Christ is Himself the joy of all,
 The sun that warms and lights us.
 Now His grace to us imparts
 Eternal sunshine to our hearts;
 The night of sin is ended.
 Alleluia!

7 Then let us feast this Easter Day
On Christ, the bread of heaven;
The Word of grace has purged away
The old and evil leaven.
Christ alone our souls will feed;
He is our meat and drink indeed;
Faith lives upon no other!
Alleluia!

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